

The CHESTER GARLAND.

Containing Four PARTS.

I. Shewing how a Merchant having married a Lady whom he left unbedded, and going to Sea was drove in at Chester, where he ventur'd all his Substance upon his Wife's Chastity.

II. How the Shop-keeper rid to London, who by the help of a crafty Landlady he got himself convey'd in a Chest into the Lady's Room, where seeing a Mole on the Lady's Breast, likewise a Gold Watch and Girdle on which the Lady's Name was placed, took them and when he came to Chester stript the Merchant of all his Riches.

III. How the Merchant in Revenge, sent his Man with an intent to murder her, charging him to bring him her Heart; with the Manner how he kill'd a Hog, whose Heart he brought to his Master, who thinking it was the Lady's burnt it.

IV. How the Lady lifted for a Soldier, and coming from Flanders, was quarter'd at Chester, where meeting with her Husband had him apprehended, and the Shop-keeper, who being examin'd before a Justice of Peace, was order'd to pay the Merchant Forty Thousand Pounds and to stand in the Pillory; to prevent which, he Stabs himself in Prison: Concluding with this Couple's living happily together.

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The CHESTER GARLAND.

A Merchant of London so many report,
He for a long Time a fair Lady did court,
At length by much Courting this handsome Lady,
Did promise this Merchant his Bride for to be.

Of one Thing this Lady she was innocent,
To go his own Factor this Merchant was bent;
The Ship was freighted, all Things ready were,
In order to sail, but the winds was not fair.

So he to make sure of this Lady bright,
Was married one Morning before it was light,
And married they were, but the same Day,
Tydings came to him the Ship must away.

He said, my dear Jewel the Thing it is so,
That I my own Factor to India must go;
It will not be long e'er I shall return,
To you home in safety, so Dear do not mourn.

So then he embarked, and away did he,
To be left alone the Lady did cry;
As he is gone from me, I'll do what I can,
To keep myself free from the Scandal of Man.

Then this noble Lady with a troubled Mind,
She unto her Chamber was thus confin'd;
Wherein I must leave her to sigh and complain,
And turn to the Merchant who's gone o'er the main.

He sail'd into India, whereas we do find,
His Ship was laden with Traffick so fine;
Then to come to London his Course he did steer,
And what happen'd to him you quickly shall hear.

Upon the wide Ocean a Storm did arise,
In which gloomy Clouds did darken the Skies;
The Winds did blow and the storms did roar,
Which drove them almost to the high Shore.

For several Hours by Waves they were toss,
Expecting each moment their Lives to be lost;
In the midst of their Danger one did contrive,
To alter their Course and at Chester arrive.

This Thing was soon noised abroad in the Town,
And many Shop-keepers to this Ship came down;
One bought the whole Cargo, the Money 'tis said,
To his London Merchant in a few Days was paid.

One Day in a Tavern these Dealers we find,
Staid several Hours in drinking of Wine,
At length the Shop-keeper said shall we go,
And get us a Miss? the Merchant said No.

Sir, with such a Lady I fairly did wed,
And never had Time to enjoy her Bed;
A Woman whose Body no Man ever knew,
Then to such a Wife I will be chaste and true.

The Shop-keeper said, your Conceit is strong,
To think any Woman could tarry so long;
To wait for a Husband; I'll lay if you dare,
That I can defile your chaste Lady so fair.

To which the Merchant said, sure I am sies,
To lay Ship and Money on her Chastity;
Then before Witnesses this Thing was agreed,
And the Shop-keeper came to London with Speed.

P A R T II.

HE went to a Tavern, and there did presume,
To call for a Bottle of Wine and a Room,
'Twas a Widow Woman who then lived there,
For the sake of the Money the Wife did asshare.

He ask'd if she knew such a one? the reply
Was, yes Sir, she liveth hard by;
He said, Fifty Guineas I'll give you straitway,
If into her Chamber you will me convey.

Her answer was to him, as I am alive,
A way to get you there I soon will contrive.

She went to this Lady, and said, it is so,
 To my dying Father this Night I must go;
 My Jewels and Plate and other Things brave,
 Lie lock'd in a Chest which by me I have;
 This Night in your Chamber pray let 'em stand there
 To-morrow I'll fetch it you need not to fear.

This Lady not knowing her wicked design,
 Gave leave to bring it at Night as we find;
 This vile subtle Bawd to complete the Jest,
 Had him convey'd, when lock'd up in the Chest.

This Lady she us'd to keep a great Light,
 To burn in her Chamber always in the Night;
 And as this Lady was in a deep Sleep,
 The Shop-keeper out of the Chest he did creep.

When he came to the Bed, like one in amaze,
 He on this Lady did stand and gaze;
 And on her Right-Breast he 'spied a Mole,
 Which some Time he did stand and behold.

Likewise on the Table he chanc'd to 'spy,
 A Watch and a Girdle that on it did lie;
 On her Watch and Girdle her Name was plac'd,
 Which Things in his Pocket he put up in haste.

Saying, these Tokens my Wager will gain,
 And to disturb her I sure must refrain;
 Then into the Chest he went and lay,
 Until the next Morning he was fetch'd away.

So then for West-Chester he did repair,
 And with a good Horse he soon came there;
 Crying to the Merchant, the Wager I've won,
 And if I mistake not, thou now art undone.

Upon her Right-Breast there is a Mole grows,
 Which you in long Courting have seen I suppose;
 Sir, there is a Watch and a Girdle likewise,
 Therefore you may see I tell you no Lies.

To see this the Merchant he wept bitterly,
 And said wicked Strumpet thou hast ruin'd me.

For to be undone thus it makes my Heart ache;
Now for a Subsistence what Course can I take.

To hear this moan, some Merchants being there,
Said to him Brother do not despair;
Since you are ruin'd by a vile Woman,
We'll make a Man of you again if we can.

So among them they rais'd two hundred Pound,
And set him up Shop-keeper in Chester Town;
But Satan was busy and to stir up strife,
He tempted this Merchant for to kill his Wife;

P A R T III.

HE then kept a Servant whose Name was John,
He sent a Letter to her by his Man;
These Words were in it; at Chester I be,
With all expedition dear Wife come to me.

Perusing this Letter she said with a smile,
My dear I'll be with in a little while:
Next Day with the Young Man away she went,
Of these ill Designs she was innocent.

Riding thro' a Wood to make her his Prey,
He with Pen-knife turn'd about and did say,
Come Lady alight from your Horse presently,
For it is ordered that here you must die.

To hear these expressions she cry'd out amain,
Young-man wherefore is it that I must be slain?
His Answer was 'tis for playing the Whore;
The Man that defil'd you I knew before.

She said if I must die, I'll take on my Death,
No Man ever knew me since I drew Breath,
He said, these Excuses never will do,
My Master sent me for to murder you.

He charg'd me to bring your Cloaths and Heart,
Then I'll not prove false to him for my Part,
Thus as she stood trembling, and for Life did cry,
By Providence a Hog did chance to come by.

She said, save my Life and kill that Swine
 And take the Heart, he will think it is mine ;
 Likewise take these my Cloaths also,
 And give me yours, then wandering I'll go.

For to save her Life then he thought good,
 And the Thing desired was done in the wood ;
 He went home and said, Sir, to finish the strife,
 Here are the Cloaths and Heart of your Wife.

To see this then the Merchant did blush,
 And into the Fire the Heart he did push ;
 Crying, there is the Heart of a Strumpet in Grain,
 Who has been my Ruin and fed me with Pain.

Thus he in vile manner this Heart did greet,
 By which we may see that Revenge is sweet ;
 But now I will leave him mistaken, and hear
 What Course of Life this Lady did steer.

P A R T IV.

Drest in Man's Apparel she wander'd away,
 But as she was going thro' a Town one Day,
 She went to a Gentleman's Door, as 'tis said,
 And begg'd heartily for a Morsel of Bread.

This Man came forth and look'd her in the Face
 And said, young Man it is a Disgrace ;
 For to go a begging, art thou willing said he,
 To serve such a Master as now I may be.

Her answer was Yes, and thank you beside,
 Come in and sit down the Master reply'd ;
 And soon I will put better Cloaths on thy Back,
 Be but a good Servant, thou nothing shalt lack.

This Man so lov'd her that in a short space,
 He got her a Commission for a Captain's Place ;
 Then with great Courage to Flanders went o'er,
 And was in Battles where Cannon do roar.

Summer being ended both she and her Men,
 All that were alive came to England again ;

(7)
For Winter Quarters, and 'twas ordered so,
That she and her Men to West-Chester must go.
Where walking the Streets, this Lady she,
Look'd into the Shop, and her Husband did see,
For to think on his Actions that were so base,
Her heart was disturb'd and mov'd from its Place.

Dress'd like a Commander, she to him did go,
And said to him, I pray Sir do you know,
Such a Man in the Town, tell me if you can,
His Answer was, Sir, I am the Man.

Sir, did not you marry with such a Lady?
A noble Knight's Daughter, pray where is she?
Yes, I married her, the Merchant reply'd,
But three Years ago she sickn'd and dy'd.

Then unto a Justice of Peace she retir'd,
And told him the matter, which Thing he admir'd;
He sent for the Husband and young Man in haste,
With the Villain that was lock'd up in the Chest.

But first he examin'd this Lady's Husband,
And he with Blushes looked very wan;
And thinking his Lady she had been dead,
For fear his Teeth gnashed in his Head.

The Justice said, now young Man for thee,
Did'st thou kill this Man's Wife, tell unto me;
He said, Sir, I was sent his Lady to kill,
Unto her thro' Mercy I shew'd her no ill.

My Master charg'd me to bring him her Heart,
But he was mistaken that Time for his Part;
For 'twas a Hog's Heart I brought him to show,
And I hope she's living but where I don't know.

Dress'd in Man's Apparel, she said to him John,
I am the young Lady, tho' dress'd like a Man;
To hear this the Merchant began for to sweat,
And look'd like a Woodcock caught in a Net.

And then the Shop-keeper was called in Place,
Who on this fair Lady brought sorrow apace;

He being examined, was found guilty,
And was order'd for to stand in the Pillory.

Nay this was not all, he was commanded to pay,
Forty Thousand Pounds to the Merchant next Day
Which Sum was produced with great discontent,
And strait to a Prison he quickly was sent.

Saying, I am ruin'd for playing the Cheat,
And shall be expos'd for shame in the Street;
To prevent all Scandal he took a Pen-knife,
And stabbed himself, which soon ended his Life.

And now this Merchant and Lady do dwell,
Together in Love and agree very well;
And as for the young Man who pity'd her Moan,
This Lady loves him as a Child of her own.

A New S O N G.

DAMON ask'd me but once, and I gave him denial
Intending to snap him the very next Trial,
But, alas! he's determin'd to ask me no more,
And now makes his Court to the fair Leonore.

But I'll have a good Heart, since I'm full well assur'd,
He ne'er would have taken a Maid at her Word,
If he had been worth keeping: for 'tis I discover,
He that takes the first Nay, is a very cold Lover.

If deep were his Wound, if sincere were his Pain,
I know he'd have ask'd me again and again:
Then adieu, let him go; for why should I vex?
Since if he'd been serious, he'd allow'd for the Sex.

F I N I S.